1489. d. 41

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

King of Sweden,

FROM A

LADY of *GREAT-BRITAIN.*

APR 30 59

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

KING of SWEDEN

FROM A

LADY

OF

GREAT-BRITAIN.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*, and
ARABELLA MORRIS without *Temple-Bar*.
MDCCXVII. *Price 6d.*

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

KING of SWEDEN

FROM A

LADY

OF

GREAT-BRITAIN.

30 59 APR

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

King of Sweden,

FROM A

LADY of *GREAT-BRITAIN.*

TO *Thee* rude Warrior, whom we once admir'd,
And thought thy Actions ſpoke *Thee* half inſpir'd,
While Juſtice held the Ballance of thy Cauſe,
And ev'ry Language ſounded thy Applauſe:
But ſince Ambition and Revenge prevails,
Thy Glories languiſh, and our Wonder fails;
To *Thee* a Woman ſends with Gen'rous Care,
And Warns thy Raſhneſs timely to beware.

FAME now a Tale of freſher Date has told,
Beyond thy mad Romantick Feats of Old:
Our Malecontents thy numerous Squadrons boaſt,
Deſcribe thy Penants waving on our Coaſt,
And to the Fearful cry, *Britannia*'s loſt!

But we, who know the Genius of our Iſle,
At their Report, and thy Invaſion ſmile.

ARE not our Dames in every Climate fam'd?
Les Belles Angloiſes by ev'ry Nation nam'd?
Are not our Youth in foreign Fields admir'd?
Alike by Valour and by Love inſpir'd?
And ſhall thoſe Fair ones, who the Morning paſs,
Conſulting that dear Friend to Love, the Glaſs;
To ſet the Favourite, and the Patch to place;
To bow, and glance it, with becoming Grace
To melt the Hero's Heart and charm his Eyes,
Fall to thy *Gothick* Rage a Sacrifice?
No, to thy Terror learn, our *Britiſh* Youth
Are fam'd for Honour, Conſtancy and Truth:
Each wou'd as ſoon conſent thy Cauſe to aid,
As yield the Fair to whom his Vows are paid.
Unlike the Paſſive Females of thy Land,
The Arbitrators of the *War* we ſtand.
At *Flurt* of *Fan*, our armed Legions fly,
And they who dare offend, muſt dare to die.
We know thy daring Heart is nurs'd in Blood,
Wild as the fierceſt Savage of the Wood;
With Fame like this, in Northern Slaughter ſhine,
Rough as the frozen Bear, thy neighb'ring Sign:

But

But here thy brutal Force no Crowns ſhall gain;
By Love, as well as Arms our Monarchs Reign;
Can we our *GEORGE* and His lov'd RACE diſown,
To find thy barren Chaſtity a Throne?

No! in thy *ſhaggy Rugg* rude Slumbers take,
And dream of Conqueſts thou ſhalt never make;
At diſtance be thy Leathern Doublet worn,
Nor riſque thy Life to purchaſe certain Scorn;
For now the *Wormwood Dam'ſels* apprehend
The diſmal Conſequence of ſuch a Friend:
Begin to tremble at the Truths they hear,
And vow their Champions ſhall for *GEORGE* declare:
They fear thy Taſt ſhou'd lead young *James* aſtray,
And quite unman their Monarch ev'ry way:
In his Excuſe they ſtill would have to tell,
Tho' War's his Foe, He loves exceeding well;
The Proof from whence he ſprung, is not to Fight;
His *Surgeon* proves *Hereditary* Right.

But if by thy Example he ſhould grow
Cold as thy Rocks of Ice, and Hills of Snow:
Shou'd he clean Linnen hold in dire Diſgrace,
And *ſable Crape* his Ivory Neck enchaſe:
Shou'd he, like thee, on Shives of coarſeſt Bread,
Rudely with dirty Thumbs his Butter ſpread;

Baniſh

Baniſh the generous Juice of Grapes away,
And with ſmall acid Tiff his Thirſt allay;
Swallow lean haſty Meals of Taſtleſs Roots,
And Eat, and Drink, and Live and Reign in Boots;
Shou'd he, like thee regardleſs of the Fair,
Lye down to Sleep, and only wake to War;
Cou'd He in Arms, like Gallant *Brunſwick*, Shine,
Yet wou'd His Female Friends His Cauſe decline,
Nor juſtifie a Right ſo ſlovenly Divine.

Consult thy Safety; ſend no Armies forth
Beyond the Confines of thy frozen North:
Since of our *Britiſh* Fair this Truth is told,
We love the Chaſte, but we abhor the Cold:
But if thy daring Folly will proceed,
Fate drives thee forward, and thy Fall's decreed.

Each lovely Toaſt her Hero's Soul inſpires,
Urges the War, and wakes his Martial Fires:
Think but what Terrors will thy Spirits ſeize
When thou ſhalt face ſuch Enemies as theſe;
See a Battalion lac'd with Point *d'Eſpan*,
And warm in glowing Velvets leads the Van:
With Warlike Air, th' embroider'd Chiefs appear,
And gracefully the Looms rich Labours wear:
In Modiſh Order, o'er their Sholders fly
Deville's Wiggs, or *Lockman*'s ſmarter Tye;

With

The Gold-Clock'd Stocking draws the Gazer's Sight,
And *Verdin*'s Red-top'd Shoe, ſtitch'd round with White:
Fine *Meclin*-Laces round their Fingers play
From Snowy Shirts, at leaſt chang'd twice a Day.

THESE well-dreſs'd Youths to thy Deſtruction move,
And Vict'ry waits upon the Wings of Love,
Our Sexes Softneſs is to thee unknown;
What by a Look, or one kind Kiſs is done!
Thou, who a Stranger art to Love's Delight,
Can'ſt ne'er imagine how theſe Lovers Fight.
Theſe are the *Men*, who on the *Flandrian* Plains
O'erthrew the *Grand Monarch* in Ten Campaigns:
Will theſe give way before *Thy Vandal* Hoſt
And yield their former Labours all for loſt?
No, theſe for Liberty, and Beauty draw,
And all around the Neighb'ring Tyrants awe:
Theſe Cock, take Snuff, invoke the darling Fair,
And then diſpatch the Foe *endebonair*.

AIM then no more, fond Prince, at *George's* Throne,
Wake from the flatt'ring Dream, and guard thy own,

In ev'ry Element alike we Reign,
And launch our ready Squadrons on the Main:
Our Champions, round o'er the flowing Bowl,
Reigns in their Wooden Worlds, from Pole to Pole;
Fearleſs of Danger, cut their conqu'ring Way,
And from invading Tyrants ſcour the Sea.
Safer thou might'ſt in Lakes of Sulphur ſleep,
Than brave theſe dreadful Maſters of the Deep:
Beneath their Cannons roar, thy Flaggs muſt fall,
ORFORD preſides, and theſe are *Brittons* all.
Theſe, bold as Lyons, will the Fight maintain,
Or drive thee back, or ſink thee in the Main:
Tho' Boiſterous as the Winds at Sea they roar,
They're gentle all, as Southern Gales on Shore.
Th' Engagement paſt, the tender Thoughts return,
And for the Fair in Love's ſoft Fires they burn;
In Beauty's dear Embraces lull'd they lie,
But when their *Country* calls, Her ſtrongeſt Foes defie.

THESE hoiſt their Sails, and wait thy Coming o'er,
And if thou dar'ſt to touch *Britannia*'s Shore,
Ne'er hope to ſee thy Native *Sweden* more.
How wilt thou dare theſe Hearts of Oak to meet
Shou'd Young *Auguſtus* deign to lead the Fleet?

Auguſtus!

Auguſtus! He! who ſtriding o'er the Slain,
Hunted thy *New Ally* o'er *Flandria*'s Plain:
The *Boy*, whoſe *Cauſe* forſaken now by all,
Calls for a Madman to prevent his Fall.
No *Daſtard Blood* our Princes Veins diſgrace,
Unlike the *Princes* of a *Former* Race,
Who wiſely *Slept* or *Blubber'd* in Diſtreſs,
He'll Face the Battel, and will force Succeſs.

FROM Great *Plantagenet Auguſtus* ſprings,
By *His* Example taught to Conquer Kings.
Methinks I ſee the *Royal Warriour* ſtand
Dealing amongſt his *Chiefs* thy Forfeit Land;
While *Thou* ſhalt fall Unpity'd, and Forlorn,
All *Europe*'s Terror once, but now all *Europe*'s Scorn.

F I N I S.

APR 30 59